



and

No. 3

the

CHRIST RIDER

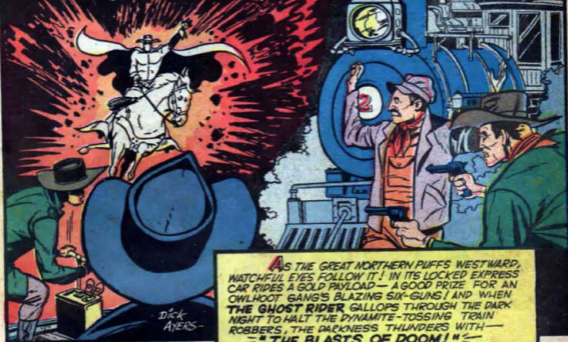
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the GHOST RIDER



THE GREAT NORTHERN EXPRESS SUDDENLY GRINDS TO A HALT...

A RED LANTERN ON THE TRACKS—
 DANGER!

YUH SHORE PICKED THE RIGHT
 WORD THEN, ENGINEER!

WHO ARE YOU?
 WHAT'S THE IDEA
 OF STOPPING
 THE TRAIN?

TO MAKE IT EASIER
 FER ME AN' THE BOYS
 OF STOPPING THE TRAIN?
 YUH UP! REACH!

THE GHOST RIDER

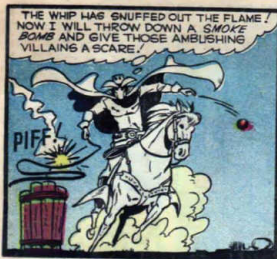


THE GHOST RIDER



AS THE GHOST RIDER BEARS DOWN ON THE TRAIN...

THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER

GALLOPING ALONG THE COIN TRAIL, THE GHOST RIDER SUDDENLY OVERTAKES HIS QUARRY...

THERE THEY ARE! AND THAT HOUSE MUST BE THEIR HIDEOUT!



WE KIN HOLSTER OUR SHOOTIN' IRONS— WE MADE IT SAFE!

WHO WILZ GOIN' TO STOP US— THAT GHOST RIDER? AFTER THE LAST EXPLOSION THAT BLEW THE EXPRESS CAR, WE DIDN'T SEE HIM AGAIN— AN' WE NEVER WILL!



I-I STILL AIN'T SURE I'LL JUST KEEP MY TRIGGER FINGER READY!

MY BEST CHANCE TO CAPTURE THEM WITHOUT UNNECESSARY

GUNPLAY IS TO SURPRISE THEM AND PLAY ON THEIR SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS!

GHOSTS DON'T EXIST— LEASTWAYS THAT ONE DON'T!



GO, SPECTRE! GALLOP BEFORE THE EVIL-DOERS!



LOOK! THE WHITE HORSE!

THE GHOST RIDER IS BACK!



NOW TO ENTER THEIR HIDEOUT WHILE THEY LOOK AWAY AND CRINGE IN FEAR!

HANK, I-I AIN'T GOIN' NO FURTHER! THAT NIGHT RIDER IS WAITIN' FER US!



GET MOVIN' AND OPEN THAT DOOR!

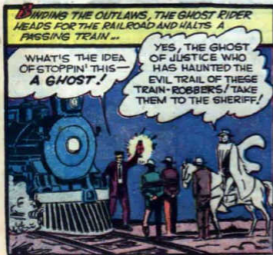
D-DON'T FORCE ME TUH, HANK! IF HE AIN'T A GHOST HOW'D HE ESCAPE THEM EXPLOSIONS AND HOW'D HIS HORSE COME TO OUR HIDEOUT? I TELL YUH, HE'S HERE!



THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



THE END.

the GHOST RIDER

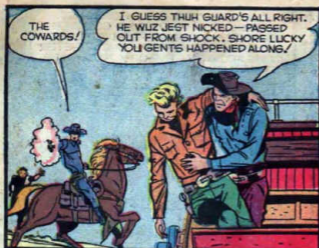
Dick AYERS

WHO ARE THESE MASKED KILLERS?
WHY DO THEY WANT THE LIFE OF
THIS INNOCENT, DEFENSELESS GIRL?
THE GHOST RIDER ALONE CAN
ANSWER THESE BURNING QUESTIONS.
HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN CALL
THE TREACHEROUS

"DEAD MAN'S BLUFF!"



THE GHOST RIDER



... BUT I MISSED IT BACK AT THE LAST STATION— AND I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING IT ON HORSEBACK. THIS IS THE THIRD ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE THIS WEEK! I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY WANT TO GET RID OF ME ...

GEE-HAW! GIDDAP!



I'M ON MY WAY BACK HOME FROM SCHOOL. I HAD TO LEAVE COLLEGE BECAUSE— BECAUSE POP DIED LAST MONTH— **MURDERED!** UNCLE PETER CAME FROM THE BIG CITY TO MANAGE THE RANCH WHEN POP DIED...



... BUT UNCLE PETER'S A HELPLESS CRIPPLE— PARALYZED FROM A BULLET LODGED IN HIS SPINE. THAT'S WHY I'M NEEDED... WELL, HERE WE ARE! NOW— TO MEET MY UNCLE FOR THE FIRST TIME.



YOU MUST BE UNCLE PETER ...!

MY BROTHER'S DAUGHTER— WELCOME! WHAT A PITY WE MUST MEET UNDER SUCH SAD CIRCUMSTANCES ... YOUR POOR FATHER ...



I'D LIKE TO INVITE MY FRIENDS TO STAY THE NIGHT, UNCLE. IS THAT ALL RIGHT?

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MYRA—IT'S YOUR RANCH, YOU KNOW! I'VE JUST BEEN HELPING OUT TILL YOU CAME ...



LATER...

... SO THAT'S HOW WE MET MYRA, MR. BRAINARD. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO THOSE OWL-HOOTS MIGHT BE?

YES. THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY HENNESSEY'S GANG, WHO HAVE BEEN TERRORIZING THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY FOR MONTHS.



NOBODY KNOWS WHO HENNESSEY IS, FOR NO ONE'S EVER SEEN HIS FACE. BUT I THINK IT WAS HE AND HIS GANG WHO KILLED MY BROTHER AND NOW ARE AFTER MYRA. I DON'T KNOW WHY—I WISH I DID!



THE GHOST RIDER



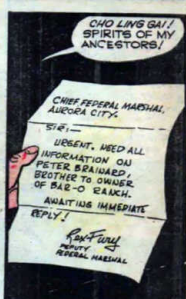
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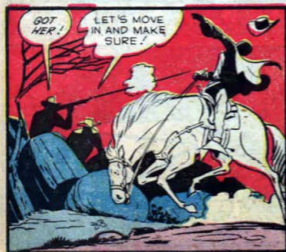
BUT-- THE SHOT HAD JUST GRAZED THE GHOST RIDER-- HE REVIVES QUICKLY--



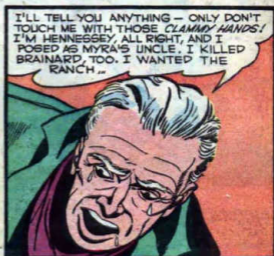
THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER





TERROR RACES ALONG THE FRONTIER TOWNS, AS A RUTHLESS BAND OF INDIAN RUSTLERS STRIKE! EACH RANCH IS MARKED FOR DOOM BY A CLEVER RENEGADE... BUT JED BARR'S EVIL TRICKERY FACES ITS TOUGHEST TEST WHEN THE NIGHT RIDER OF JUSTICE IS FORCED TO CHANGE HIS TACTICS — AND **"THE GHOST RIDER STRIKES BY DAY!"**



THE GHOST RIDER

SOON AFTER, REX FURY AND SING-SONG RIDE INTO TOWN...

THAT'S THE THIRD INJUN RAID THIS MONTH! AND EACH OF 'EM WAS PULLED WHEN THE MEN WERE AWAY AND JEST THE WOMEN WERE THERE! SOMEONE IS TELLIN' THEM INJUNS WHEN TUH STRIKE!

RIDICULOUS!



ALL RIGHT THEN, JED BARR, IF NO ONE IS TELLIN' THEM REDSKINS WHICH RANCH IS LEAST PROTECTED—HOW COME THEY ALWAYS PICK THE SAFEST?

JEST LUCK, I RECKON!



I SURE HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M HEADIN' NORTH FER TWO DAYS AND I DON'T WANT ANY RENEGADE TELLIN' THEM RAIDERS THE KC RANCH HAS ONLY WOMENFOLK AT IT NOW!

COME ON, SING-SONG! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE KC RANCH!



AT SUNDOWN...

LOOKEE, REX! WHY SHOULD MAN WAVE TORCH BEFORE CORRAL OF KC RANCH?

AND WHO IS THAT MAN? THE OWNER SAID ONLY THE WOMEN WERE THERE NOW! WELL, THE GHOST RIDER WILL SOON FIND OUT!



AS NIGHT DEEPENS, THE GHOST RIDER GALLOPS FORTH...

JED BARR! WHY DO YOU WAVE THAT TORCH IN FRONT OF THE KC CORRAL?

THE GHOST RIDER! I SURE WASN'T SIGNALIN' FER YOU TUH COME MEDDLIN'!



I HAVE ASKED A QUESTION! I WANT AN ANSWER, QUICKLY!

I'LL GIVE YUH AN ANSWER PRONTO—IN LEAD!



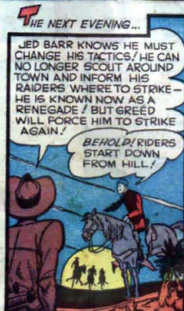
AIEEE! MY HAND!

INDIANS! SO, EVIL ONE—IT IS YOU WHO SIGNAL THE RAIDERS WHEN TO STRIKE AT THE DEFENSELESS RANCHES! I WILL DRIVE OFF THIS COWARDLY BAND! UP, SPECTRE!

ANNEE WA HIII!



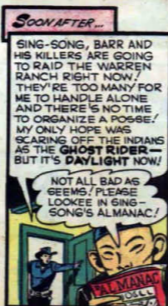
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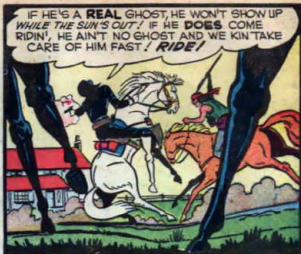


THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER





THE GHOST RIDER



the GHOST RIDER

THIS
DYNAMITE
WILL TELL
IF YUH'RE
GHOST OR
MAN!

CRADLED DEEP
INSIDE THE EARTH
IS THE PRECIOUS
VEIN OF SILVER
ORE — RICHES FOR
WHICH EVIL MEN
SCHEME, STEAL
AND KILL! BUT
WHEN THEIR
SCHEMING THREAT-
ENS TO HARM A
SPUNKY YOUNG
WOMAN, IT'S TIME
FOR THE GHOST
RIDER TO TAKE
A HAND IN THE
DEADLY GAME
BEING PLAYED
FOR THE —

**"GRIM
TREASURE!"**

— DICK AYERS

LINDA PARRY, YOUNG OWNER
OF THE PARRY SILVER MINE,
DRAWS HER LAST PENNY FROM
THE RED HOOK BANK...

I GUESS
THAT
FINISHES
YOUR
ACCOUNT,
MISS
LINDA.

THERE'S NOTHING
ELSE I CAN DO,
MR. SIMMONS —
I JUST HAVE TO
MEET THAT
PAYROLL.

WHY DON'T YUH JEST GIVE UP
LINDA PARRY? I KNOW YORE
SILVER MINE'S RUN DRY — BUT
I'LL BUY IT FROM YUH JEST
THUH SAME.

MIND YOUR
OWN BUSINESS,
JUD BRUNER!

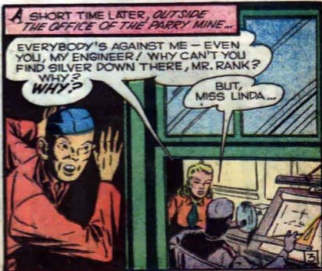
I'LL PAY YUH GOOD
MONEY FER THET MINE,
LINDA. I KIN AFFORD IT
'CAUSE MY OWN SILVER
LADY MINE'S MAKING
A FORTUNE!

THEN WHY DO
YOU WANT TO BUY
MY MINE? I'VE GOT
MY SUSPICIONS,
MR. BRUNER!





THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



MINUTES LATER...



THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER SHROUDS HIMSELF AND SING-SONG WITH THE BLACK REVERSE SIDE OF HIS CAPE, MAKING HIMSELF INVISIBLE...



THE GHOST RIDER



THIS POLISHED SILVER PLATE WILL REFLECT GHOST RIDER'S IMAGE AND.... (GULP!)



A GOOD TRICK, SING-SONG— IT GAVE ME JUST THE DIVERSION TO DISARM THIS SNIVELING COWARD!

YES— GOOD TRICK, BUT— (GULP!)— TOO DANGEROUS, ME THINK!



D-D-DON'T G-G-GET SO CLOSE.. GULP..! I'LL CONFESS! I'M BEING PAID BY BRUNER TO ENGINEER THESE TUNNELS SO IT'LL SEEM THE SILVER VEIN IS RUN DRY...



HE'S PAYING ME, TOO, TO PERSUADE MISS PARRY TO SELL HER MINE. ACTUALLY, THERE'S LOTS OF SILVER IN THAT OLD VEIN!

I HEARD THAT! THANK YOU, GHOST RIDER— ONCE MORE YOU RIDE FOR JUSTICE!



BUT THERE'S STILL SOMETHING I WANT EXPLAINED— HOW COME BRUNER'S MINE **SUDDENLY** GOT SO RICH? THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY— I'M GOING INTO BRUNER'S MINE AND FIND OUT FOR MYSELF!



NO, NO, MISS PARRY— MUST NOT! IS DANGEROUS FOR YOUNG WOMAN!

SING-SONG IS RIGHT, MISS LINDA. STAY HERE AND LET ME, THE GHOST RIDER GO—!



THANKS, BUT IT'S MY MINE, MY BUSINESS, AND MY FIGHT! I'M **GOING!**

WOMEN! TSK— TSK— TSK—!

WE'D BETTER GO ALONG, SING-SONG. LEAVE RANK HERE— HE'S TOO SCARED TO DO MUCH NOW, ANYWAY.

THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



THE END.